



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1805.

NOVELIST.

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

[Concluded from page 190.]

CHAP. III.

"BY what rule of justice, Maria," said he, "is the bosom of youth and beauty agitated by so deep a sigh?—And why, lovely girl! the melancholy which seems settled on these features? Is sorrow so luxurious in his taste, that he can be satisfied with no meaner residence than among the riches and elegancies which adorn Maria's heart.

"Despotic woe,—how ruthless is thy sway!

"Maria's griefs, too well, alas! display;

"E'en beauty seeks for tranquil ease in vain;

"Nor sense—nor virtue wards the shafts of pain!"

The aunt was stung to the very soul; Courtney relapsed into his former reverie, and Maria began to suspect that she had been hitherto mistaken in her conjectures about Courtney's indifference, and to sooth her fluttering heart with the long estranged whispers of hope. Just at this instant, for so decreed that little urchin, whom ancient and modern wits have conspired to maim and disfigure—that little urchin whom the Greeks have robbed of his eyes, and whom Le Sage has caused to go on crutches.—Just at that moment we say, in came Betty, panting for breath, and, with a face as long as some of our modern parson's, when the congregation forget to drop their money in the plate, to inform Maria that she had let the starling fly out at the window.

In an instant the Hysonian mysteries were suspended: and without saying a word, the priestess flew from the neglected altar, and hastened up stairs to regain her little favourite. Courtney flew with equal speed to lend his assistance, and Betty was preparing to follow,

but her malignant mistress, desirous of depriving Maria of her little favorite, was willing to rob her of all the assistance she could, and detained the muttering chambermaid where she was.

Her malignant design was, however, disappointed. No sooner did the bird, who was perched on the outside of a window, see the fond hand of his mistress held out to him, then he flew upon her finger and suffered himself to be put into his cage without resistance.

Courtney now laid hold of the trembling hand of the lovely Maria, and was going to lead her down stairs. They had got to the door; Courtney's hand was on the lock; when he was surprised to hear a voice, at the further end of the room, distinctly pronounce "heigh ho!—oh Courtney!" He turned round in astonishment. Maria made a feeble effort to withdraw her right hand, while with the other, she covered her eyes, and endeavored to conceal her confusion.

CHAP. IV.

"Whence could that voice proceed?" said the wondering Courtney; but he was quickly resolved. "O Courtney! dear Courtney!" said the starling again. His heart fluttered with tenderness and surprise. The flame which, without his suspecting it, had been long kindling, now burst out all at once. He gazed with ardent delight on the embarrassed Maria: he pressed her hand to his bosom. As for our poor heroine, not the aspin so trembles before the gale—not the rose so trembles on the pendant thorn, when the vernal shower has bent its blushing head. "Charming Miss Howard!" said the youth, with a look and accent of the utmost tenderness, "may I, sweet enchanting girl! presume to enquire if this bird has ever any company but yourself!"—"O Mr. Courtney," replied Maria at

length, with a faltering voice, "why do you seek to insult and triumph in the weakness of an inexperienced girl?"—"Perish the wretch whose unfeeling heart is capable of such baseness!" replied he, with the honest warmth of sincerity. "Contempt and apathy be the portion of that man, whose heart does not vibrate with increasing tenderness, when artless beauty, yielding to the sweet dictates of nature, reveals the tender feelings of her heart. But let me read my fate in those embarrassed eyes—thy sweet confusion—thy enchanting silence! these are the modest heralds of the heart."

Maria attempted to withdraw her hand.

"Thou must not snatch from me so soon the transport thou hast given. Heaven make this hour my last, if I love thee not with the purest ardour that ever warmed a youthful heart. Oh! stay and hear me vow how much I love thee!" (A sigh, a blush, an involuntary smile, evinced how pleasing was the subject to the heart of our trembling heroine.) "Dear, charming bird! delightful accident—" continued he. "Pray let me go Mr. Courtney," said the faltering Maria, "my aunt will wonder at our delay."

Thus did Maria, though she could have listened for ever with delight to the fond vows of Courtney, endeavor to persuade him to desist from a conversation the most delightful to her ears: but Courtney knew the sex. He was aware they are not born to command, they generally despise the man who implicitly obeys them. In short, an eclaireissement took place, which terminated with the warmest professions of unalterable affection on his side; and on that of his lovely mistress, in that soft and modest confusion which, in eloquent silence, speaks the pure fondness of the virgin heart.

CHAP. V.

The short season of courtship rolled gaily away, and, as even the malignity of a maiden aunt could start no reasonable objection to their happiness, the torch of Hymen was shortly bade to blaze once more with the bright, but long forgotten flames of mutual sympathy and disinterested affection.

Shortly after, the happy bridegroom, reflecting on the little circumstance which had produced the discovery of their mutual attachment, composed the following sonnet with which we shall conclude our tale.

SONNET TO THE STARLING.

How oft the tuneful bard's enraptur'd strain
Hath sung the praises of the turtle dove!
And Venus' self receives him in her train,
The fav'rite emblem of the power of Love.

If to the radiant synod of the skies
The goddess flies, her turtle too are there;
And if to Paphos' happy isle she flies,
To Paphos' happy isle her turtles must repair.

But oh no more, bright power! the turtle grace,
But to the starling yield his envied place:
For, goddess, say, did e'er thy fav'rite dove,
To love, or lovers, half so friendly prove!

The early lark, that heralds in the day,
And gladdens Nature with his dulcet note
Has oft been sung, in many a sprightly lay,
Sweet as the warblings of his attic throat:

In grateful rapture oft the Muse hath strung;
Her heavenly harp, his praises to rehearse;
Who, while aloft, his early praise he sung,
Wak'd her to all the charms of varied verse.

But oh! the lark no more, ye Muses praise,
For, lo! the starling claims your fondest lays:
Sweet bird! whose voice did late the herald prove,
That wak'd my soul to tenderness and love!

ESSAYS.

ILL EFFECTS OF BAD HABITS.

THE force of habit is so strong, that it has obtained the appellation of a second nature. It steals upon us by imperceptible degrees, until its power is so firmly established, that all our desires and appetites are in conformity to it, and regulated by it. It is truly astonishing to see what wonders habit has produced. There are many luxuries of life now in use, which, in their nature, are hurtful and incongruous to the natural state; yet by habitual use, they become delicious sweets. Among the superfluities of life these may be enumerated, viz. almost all kinds of spirituous liquors, tea, tobacco and snuff. All these at first are disagreeable to a person's natural relish; but by unremitting perseverance in consuming,

and a determined resolution to use them, the sot and voluptuary can finally say, that the consumption of these articles, not only affords real satisfaction, but is absolutely necessary to support life; however, a temperate use of them cannot be deemed a crime, but an excess; thus much may be said; it does not constitute a person virtuous or meritorious to sip at the bottle—to have a partiality for tea—a fondness for tobacco and love for snuff. Inebriety or an immoderate use of liquors is an evil habit. This destructive inclination comes on gradually, and if we take a retrospective view of the lives of those notorious for a love of spirits, we shall find the vice comes on by gradation. At first their passions were easily gratified; but soon they began to cry a little more, a little more. In the morning they must have a dram; this suffices for an hour or two; then there comes on a strange feeling; they guess a little gin or brandy would be a good restorative; the difficulty is immediately removed, and they feel refreshed; but at 11 o'clock, a terrible faintness is felt in the stomach; what can this mean? After a short recollection, the problem is solved, and they say 'tis flip time. Thus, from a spark it grows to a flame, and at length a permanent friendship is formed with their daily conqueror.

So of the profane person: he at first begins moderately; he does not stick at saying I vow, &c. Presently he can damn and curse; and being an apt scholar, he learns fast. At length he can swear, and swear joining hands.—Thus he progresses from step to step, until the most shocking oaths are uttered without hesitation, and the most sacred name of the deity is taken in vain, and sported on with every occasion!—The person who undertakes to propagate falsehoods, at first tells a large truth; its veracity is called in question; then it is expedient to tell twenty to illucidate the first assertion—So, in every vicious practice, small deviations from the rule of right lead on to crimes of greater magnitude. In a review of the subject, a few reflections naturally arise. The evil consequences of allowing an extravagant use of tea, tobacco, snuff, &c. do not amount to a loss of reputation; but the advocates of these vegetables may injure their constitutions, lessen their property, and

lose their delicacy. Here let me ask the question; has tobacco the quality to make a person's countenance more beautiful, or his company more desirable? And who does not abhor a snuff-taker? The man of intemperance destroys his health, reason and interest; ruins his character; incapacitates himself for any kind of employment;—wounds the feelings of a tender wife; exhibits a pernicious example for the imitation of his rising offspring; brings shame and disgrace on his friends and connections, and sinks himself below the brute creation. Dr. Watts beautifully represents the intemperate man in the following lines:

The drunkard feels his vitals waste;
Yet drowns his health to please his taste,
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

On the supposition that a person's being addicted to profanity was no crime, it cannot be a mark of a gentleman to swear and blaspheme.—Would he appear more lovely to his associates; would he in a circle of females, by now and then pouring forth a volley of oaths, be more likely to attract their attention and preserve esteem? I trust he would not; but when we consider the practice in its true light, see the amazing turpitude of trifling with the name of God; ought it not to deter us from the practice, and discountenance and condemn it in others? As men are dependant one upon another, confidence should exist between man and man, in order to facilitate business, and preserve peace and harmony. When a man's word cannot be depended on, intercourse is obstructed, and the evils become serious; then to remedy this inconvenience, let us invariably adhere to the truth.—As a friend to youth, and as one who feels the importance of forming habits of sobriety in juvenile days, I earnestly solicit you, if you have any regard for yourself, your families and friends, to abstain from intemperance, impurity of language and falsehood. In so doing, you will save your reputation, preserve your credit and usefulness: prevent the tear of anguish from flowing down the cheek of a compassionate father and mother, save your brother's and sister's sorrow and anxiety, and the richest of heavens gifts shall descend to bless you.

LUCUBRATOR.

Messrs. Editors,

IF the observations of an old fellow are not wholly superfluous, I would thank you to shove them into a spare corner of your paper.

It is a matter of amusement to an uninterested spectator like myself, to observe the influence fashion has on the dress and deportment of its votaries, and how very quick they fly from one extreme to the other.

A few years since, the rage was; very high crowned hats with very narrow brims, tight neckcloth, tight coat, tight jacket, tight small cloths, and shoes loaded with enormous silver buckles: the hair craped, plaited, queued and powdered;—in short, an air of the greatest spruceness and tightness diffused over the whole person.

The ladies, with their tresses neatly turned up over an immense cushion; waist a yard long, braced up with stays into the smallest compass, and encircled by an enormous hoop: so that the fashionable belle resembled a walking bottle.

Thus dressed, the lady was seen, with the most bewitching langour, reclining on the arm of an extremely attentive beau, who, with a long cane, decorated with an enormous tassel, was carefully employed in removing every stone, stick or straw that might impede the progress of his tottering companion, whose high-heel'd shoes just brought the points of her toes to the ground.

What an alteration has a few years produced!—We now behold our gentleman, with the most studied carelessness, and almost slovenliness of dress; large hat, large coat, large neckcloth, large pantaloons, large boots, and hair scratch'd into every careless direction, lounging along the streets in the most apparent listlessness and vacuity of thought; staring with an unmeaning countenance at every passenger, or leaning upon the arm of some kind fair one for support, with the other hand cram'd into his breeches pocket. Such is the picture of a modern beau: in his dress stuffing himself up to the dimensions of a Hercules, in his manners affecting the helplessness of an invalid.

The belle who has to undergo the fatigue of dragging along this sluggish animal, has chosen a character the very reverse: emulating in her dress and

actions all the airy lightness of a sylph, she trips along with the greatest vivacity. Her laughing eye, her countenance enlivened with affability and good humor, inspire with kindred animation every beholder, except the torpid being by her side, who is either affecting the fashionable sangfroid, or is wrapt up in profound contemplation of—himself.

Heavens! how changed are the manners since I was young!—then, how delightful to contemplate a ball-room: such bowing, such scraping, such complimenting; nothing but copperplate speeches to be heard on both sides; no walking but in minuet measures; nothing more common than to see half a dozen gentlemen knock their heads together in striving who should first recover a lady's fan or snuff-box that had fallen.

But now, our youths no longer aim at the character of *pretty gentlemen*: their greatest ambition is to be called lazy dogs—careless fellows—&c. &c. Dressed up in the mammoth style, our buck saunters into the ball-room in a surtout, hat under arm, cane in hand; strolls round with the most vacant air; stops abruptly before such a lady as he may choose to honor with his attention; entertains her with the common *slang* of the day, collected from the conversation of hostlers, footmen, porters, &c. until his string of smart sayings is run out, and then lounges off, to entertain some other fair one with the same unintelligible jargon.

Surely, Messrs Editors, puppyism must have arrived to a *climax*; it must turn; to carry it to a greater extent seems to me impossible.

JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

AMUSING.

A SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

A gentleman recently from Boston relates the following singular affair, which he says happened just before he left that place:—A person had been taken up and committed to prison, for passing counterfeit bills. Shortly afterwards a negro was taken up for some crime, and confined in the same room but was taken sick in about a week and died. Next day a coffin was provided, and the body of the deceased deposited in it. As people of colour are generally interred in the evening,

by those of their own complexion, the coffin was suffered to remain until night in the room with the money-maker. After the gaoler and those who accompanied him had left the room, he bethought himself the present would be a most favorable opportunity to make his escape, and thereby avoid the punishment that awaited him. The wicked do not so much care what are the means, if they can but accomplish their designs.—When all was still and safe, he took the corpse out of the coffin, and placed it in his own hammock, got into it himself, and turned the lid down carefully as before. In this situation he lay, anxiously, yet fearfully, waiting the moment when he should be liberated from his *loathsome confinement*. In the evening the coffin was taken from the prison room, by four good lusty negroes appointed for that purpose, and solemnly conveyed to the burying ground—When they arrived at the grave, the coffin was set down with great care, and one of them was about to make a speech upon the death of their companion.—Scarcely had he time to utter one word, before the lid of the coffin flew open, and the money-maker jumped out and made his escape; while the poor Negroes, affrighted almost to distraction, ran with great violence in every direction, screaming, *de Debil! de Debil! de Debil!* The mistake was not discovered until next day, and the person has not been heard of since. [Weekly Wanderer.]

A NECDOTES.

A lawyer, as remarkable for pleasantries as a good appetite, on hearing it remarked what a quantity of ham he had eaten at breakfast, observed that he had only been taking an *extract* from *Bacon's Abridgement*.

Duthe (a celebrated court miss at Versailles) being asked which she liked best, a Frenchman, a German, or an Englishman? replied, “each in his proper line; a Frenchman for a gallant, a German for a protector, and an Englishman to make a fool of.”

A gentleman lately boasting in London of the quickness of his sight, said by way of confirming his remark, “That he saw at that moment a mouse on the top of the monument.” “I cannot see it,” replied a sneering and incredulous friend, “but I plainly hear it run.”

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

A CARD,

On seeing Delia's Answer.

A TENDER theme I like to meet,
And like it well in numbers sweet,
But here, it seems, the manly fire,
Affects to sweep the female lyre,
And tuneful Delia's music floats,
In all the ease of Damon's notes.

Let other maids, indeed, amass
The Beaus of all the leaden class,
Whose icy eyes unfeeling roll,
Give me, a Being of some soul,
And add, perhaps, poetic fire,
These are the men the sex admire.

Attempt, ye lads of lead above,
To paint a girl perplexed in love,
Or sing the sweets without control,
The sympathetic flow of soul,
A poet paints sweet Nature true,
This praise, to Damon's pencil due;
Yes, Editors, present my card,
To hail the Connestogoe Bard!

Lancaster, Thursday Morn.

MARIA.

TO MARIA.

JUST as your lines were on the press,
They caught my eye by female dress,
I thought to let them heedless pass,
Afraid to join the leaden class,
But pleased I heard their music float,
To praise my charming Delia's note:

Nor disapproved Maria's strain,
Descriptive of her favorite swain,
Nor shall her name with those inrol,
Who have not "music in their soul"—
Yet Irony, a figure hard,
Tought Delia's Connestogoe bard.

*Banks of Connestogoe,
Monday Eve.*

DAMON.

[We doubt not but the following beautiful
and much admired stanzas will be highly
acceptable to every reader of correct taste.]

To a Tuft of Early Violets.

SWEET flow'rs! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies.

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!

But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drank the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away,
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! but did you know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind
The soft and sympathising heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drank the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away,
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think! that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,
Years of anxiety repaid
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me thus shall ye live
Your little day—and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing maid a sigh.

While I, alas, no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

[The following is a translation of the German
Drinking Song which appeared in page 176
of the present volume of the Hive.]

THE brimful goblet crown with wines,
And drink the cordial juice,
Europe itself can't boast such vines
As these bless'd hills produce.

Yes, Germany's the copious source
Of wines that all excel;
So mild, so generous, full of force,
None cheer the heart so well.

Rhinegau alone such grapes can boast,
Huzza! here's to the Rhine!
And may the wretch, who slights the toast,
Forget the taste of wine.

Come drink about and let's be gay,
With nectar so divine,
Is any man to grief a prey?
We'll comfort him with wine.

VICE.

VICE is a monster of so foul a mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
May boast that 'tis blest like a patriarch's tent,
With all that kind gods can bestow:
'Tis a station that yields me a spring of delight,
Which lordlings may envy to see;
And a king might behold it, and say, does this wight,
A blessing possess more than me?

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
Where on mammon and pride I look down;
While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of
the mill

I prefer to the clack of the town:
Of my house I'm the sovereign my wife is my queen,
And she rules while she seeks to obey;
Thus the autumn of life like the springtide serene,
Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
Health, spirits, and vigor to share,
For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
Which the deeds of the day planted there;
And though bigots each night, to elude heaven's
wrath,
To their saints and their wooden gods pray;
Superstition I court not for daggers of lath,
In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,
Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd,
As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
Who has no social impulse of mind:
For my friend I've a board, a bottle and bed,
And more welcome that friend if he's poor;
Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
Though a stranger, be shut from my door.

No servant I stint, nor put key on my cock,
To save a poor horn of small beer;
Nor buttery, nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,
Shall proclaim that old Gripeall starves here:
For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
To keep thieves and robbers at bay;
But domestic attachment my house shall defend,
From freebooters by night and by day.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

*Who told me I could not love her heartily, be-
cause I had loved others.*

FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
Some men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange deities adore.

My youth, 't'is true, has often rang'd,
Like bees, o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thousand love has chang'd,
'Till it was fix'd in yours.

For Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determined there;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air.

If I from this great rule do err
New beauties to explore,
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more.

L A N C A S T E R, (Penn.)

PRINTED BY

MCDOWELL & GREER,
AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN
EAST KING-STREET.